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Facts and Comments.

The story of Mr. Samson Fox's magnificent gift of £30,000 to the Royal College of Music has rapidly circulated amongst foreign musicians, who appear, however, for the most part to imagine that the donation is made to the Royal Academy, instead of to the institution over which Sir George Grove presides so well. But at any rate it is exciting a little interest and envy where such private beneficence is unknown. "Ah! si nous pouvions trouver en France un semblable Mécène!"—says "Le Ménestrel." Certainly, there are few countries which could not cheerfully bear invasion by whole armies of such royal amateurs.

Especially is a Samson Fox needed in Stockholm, where the theatre and opera-houses are threatened with a serious catastrophe, for the Rigsdag proposes to discontinue the State subventions which have hitherto been accorded, and it is doubtful if the various enterprises can now be successfully carried out. It is to be hoped that a calamity which would have such disastrous effects on the national art may in some way be averted.

The direction of the Municipal Theatre at Brème have acquired the rights of producing Verdi's "Otello" and M. Joncières's "Le Chevalier Jean," during the forthcoming season.

The Eisteddfod will take place during the second week of September, at Wrexham, when there will be some features of special interest. Mr. Gladstone, it seems, will assist, and "say a few words." A French contemporary is much exercised about this, and enquires what connection there is between politics and the Orphic Festivals of "gallant little Wales." Is it not asserted by the profane that Mr. Gladstone is wont to edify his intimate friends with nigger songs and banjo solos? And is not his favourite song "The Vicar of Bray?" *Voici la solution du mystère!*

The town council of Marienbad in Saxony has ordered a marble memorial tablet to be affixed to the house in which Wagner resided when he occupied the post of Hofkapellmeister to the Saxon Court.

Ambroise Thomas is busily occupied in completing the score of his new opera, "The Tempest," the libretto of which is founded on Shakespeare's play. Will the Parisian cynics resist the temptation of dragging in the proverbial allusion to the "tempête dans un verre d'eau?"

Director Angelo Neumann has been commissioned to superintend the performance of Wagner's "Nibelungen" at St. Petersburg.

A Japanese law for the protection of musical copyright has just been passed. It contains five clauses which are identical with the provisions of most European copyright laws.

Whilst on the question of copyright, it is interesting to notice that, according to the Paris "Figaro," a French Society has been formed to treat with the United States on the international protection of authors' rights.

Truly there is need of a musical missionary in the Antipodes, if the Paki-Paki band of Maoris is a fair type of aboriginal music. "This company," according to a correspondent of the 'New Zealand Musical Monthly,' "own a four-horse brake and treat us to an occasional relish. The instruments are two big drums, two side drums, one pair of cymbals, one triangle, and two concertinas. The bandmaster arrays himself in an Oddfellow's sash and a smoking cap, and keeps his men well in hand with a drum stick. They once played," says the writer, "a very fine fantasia on 'Sweet chiming bells,' one of the concertinas—there were three on this occasion, all in different keys—opened the selection with something like a run down the gamut; the next one followed in the opposite direction; then all three, with the aid of the drum, made a dart for the centre. They were extricated with difficulty, although I did not wait for the coda." Perhaps Mr. Cowen may be inclined to visit New Zealand, and perambulate the country in a cart, after the fashion of Radical reformers and Salvationists, to convert this unhappy people to better things.

Signor Romili proposes to produce Handel's earliest Italian oratorio, "La Resurrezione," during the next season. With the exception of a performance given at Rome, in 1708, the work has never been heard; and, indeed, it seems uncertain whether the account of this performance is not apocryphal. However that may be, a good deal of interest will attach to Signor Romili's enterprise.

Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co. will shortly issue a translation of Moritz Hauptmann's "Nature of Harmony and Metre." The work—which holds the first place among its kind on the Continent—consists of three parts: Harmony, Metre, and Harmony and Metre combined. The first part considers the evolution of harmony from acoustics, taking as basis the Hegelian theory of sound. In the second part, the author discusses metre and rhythm, which are respectively analogous to harmony and melody. The last part of the book is concerned with the union of metre and harmony, that is, harmony and melody in concrete combination with metre and rhythm.

It is proposed to perform Félicien David's symphonic ode, "Le Desert," at the Eden Theatre in Paris, with

scenery and costumes. "Appropriate specimens of the animal kingdom" will be introduced from the "jardin d'acclimation." This is not so absurd as the performance in costume of "The Creation," which was proposed a little while ago, but it is sufficiently realistic to be vulgar. "Practicable" camels, palm trees, and we suppose, also a practicable well, compared to which, the famous pump in "Nicholas Nickleby" would seem amateurish,—these are admirable things in the concert room!

We commented last week upon the difficulty which confronts composers of finding good and attractive titles for their songs. There is a more serious difficulty which is experienced by musical critics; that, namely, of devising formulas of criticism which have not wholly lost their force and freshness. All critics who feel this, might with advantage dip into the writings of their predecessors, in which they will not improbably find phrases and epithets entirely unknown to the present generation. For instance, the Abbé Galiani once remarked of Sophie Arnould, who used to play in Gluck's operas, that she had "the finest asthma he ever heard." When a singer appears who is worthy of this high praise, we shall not scruple to avail ourselves of it, despite its antiquity. Candidates are not invited.

The suburb of Oberdöbling (Vienna) is to bear a part in honouring Beethoven. It seems to be proved satisfactorily that the great master not only visited the place on five different occasions, but that he there wrote the immortal "Eroica" symphony. A memorial tablet is to be affixed to the house which was chosen for such honour.

Our contemporary, *The Globe*, is forgetting its good manners. Has it not always been held impertinent both to ask a lady's age, and to question the accuracy of her own affidavit on the point? Everyone has heard Nikita, the charming young lady in the short frock and satin shoes, with her hair in graceful disorder upon her shoulders, who spent her childhood with the noble savage. The ladies who attended the Promenade Concert last Saturday were presented with a photograph of the young singer, in honour of her "sixteenth birthday." On this interesting event, the private poet of *The Globe* thus disburdens himself:

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Fair Nikita, with those eyes,
With that voice from Paradise,
With that freshly smiling air,
With that juvenile back hair,
Tell me now before I go—
Art thou sweet sixteen or no?

Can that record be untruthful?
Thou must, sure, be much more youthful.
Listening to thy childish spell,
I remain an infidel.
Tell me, then, before I go—
Art thou sweet sixteen or no?

If I might a hazard make,
I should, on my honour, take
Thee to be, fair child divine,
Somewhere between eight and nine.
Tell me, do, before I go—
Art thou sweet sixteen or no?

Professor Jähns, the renowned author of "Carl Maria von Weber in seinen Werken," has recently died at Berlin, at the age of 80.

Mr. WILLIAM CHAPPELL has passed away, full of years and full of honours. Born in London in the year 1809, he soon entered on his busy life, for at the age of fifteen, we find him in the service of the firm established by his father, Mr. Samuel Chappell. In 1843, he retired and joined the firm of J. B. Cramer & Co., but in 1861 he sold his share, and had since devoted himself to the study of musical antiquities. He published in 1840, a collection of national English airs, which was followed by such standard works as his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," "A History of Music (Art and Science)," some collections of Old English Ditties, &c. Mr. William Chappell founded the Musical Antiquarian Society, was one of the leading spirits of the Percy and Camden Societies, and being possessed of ample means, as well as great literary and musical ability, rendered such service to the musical world that his name must ever be remembered with feelings of gratitude.

BAYREUTH IN 1888.

By LOUIS N. PARKER.

Upon my return to England I find that my editor is indignant with me for having delayed my report of the Bayreuth Festival. I hope he and my readers will forgive me when I tell them that my reason for delay was the wish to write with due deliberation, and not till I had seen two performances of each work. Bayreuth is its own standard, and must be judged mercilessly and fearlessly by that standard. We have learned to look for absolutely perfect performances in the theatre on the hill,—performances at which the spectator can leave outside all his critical faculties, and thoroughly merge himself in the enjoyment of the representation. The moment anything mars the ideal, the moment anyone can say "I can imagine this better done," or "this is like ordinary theatre-work," the only reason for Bayreuth's existence will have vanished. In other theatres it is a matter of little moment whether one actor plays to the gallery or another sings out of tune. We take these accidents as part of the day's work, and think nothing of them. If there are hitches in the scenery, and a stage-carpenter in shirt-sleeves visibly removes a whole side of a baronial hall; or the lime-light man is palpably intoxicated and causes the moon to flicker, it affects us not at all, but in Bayreuth we must know nothing of these things. This theatre, so noble, so inspiring; this theatre, which I for one, would gladly travel a thousand miles to see; this theatre, the result of the life-long labour and struggle of one of the greatest geniuses of all ages, must be kept spotless from all ordinary dramatic commonplaces; its friends must fight for it tooth and nail, but they will be its deadliest enemies, and the deadliest enemies of all artistic progress, if, seeing a flaw in it, they do not at once point it out and insist on its removal. Wagner, I venture to affirm, has suffered as much from the misguided enthusiasm of his self-styled friends, as from the abuse of his enemies, and his work which he himself had, with an iron hand and a stern will, brought to a triumphant issue on Bayreuth hill, will be lost to posterity, if the purity of the traditions which he founded is not preserved with unflinching tenacity.

I arranged my visit to Bayreuth so as to see *Die Meistersinger* first. On August 6th, Reichmann was Hans Sachs; and on the whole, I am bound to say he greatly disappointed me. The effort was manifestly too great for him. In his attention to the music, his development of the character was entirely lost. It would be not too much to say that he did not act at all, and there was little or no trace of humour in his version of a part which is full of the richest humour as distinguished from what we call low comedy. Again, his voice was not equal to the occasion. He overworked himself in the early

part of the drama, so that the great final speeches, "Euch macht ihr's leicht," and "Verachtet mir die Meister nicht," which should be the culminating points of the whole play, produced no effect on the hearer's mind, except a keen sympathy for a singer bravely making an effort, and a wish that it might soon be over. To mention a small point, his make-up was unsatisfactory. He looked like Amfortas turned a little gray, but of the *bonhomie* of the Nürnberg shoemaker-poet there was no trace. As far as *Die Meistersinger* is concerned, I have done with grumbling. The rest of the performance was ideally perfect. Gudehus we all know, but there are perhaps few who can appreciate his extraordinary talent so well as I, who have now seen him as Tannhäuser, Tristan, Parsifal, Siegmund, Siegfried, and finally Walther von Stolzing. Think of it, ye ballad-tenors, think of the work it means to have mastered the few parts I have mentioned, which of course are only a small portion of this great artist's repertoire. His rendering of Walther was at all points magnificent, and the last version of the prize-song, coming as it does after two previous attempts, was a masterpiece of well-devised climax. Fräulein Bettaque, who played Eva on this occasion, had the rare charm of looking the part of bringing youth and grace in addition to her vocal means. The Beckmesser of Friedrichs was a masterpiece of legitimate comedy; a point to be especially admired being the freedom with which he moved in his horribly difficult part. Hofmüller, the young representative of the apprentice David, was excellent. Pogner, the only representative of the Mastersinger-guild, apart from Sachs, who comes into prominent notice, found a dignified interpreter in Gillmeister, while Frau Staudigl, whose representation of Brangäne in *Tristan* was such a feature of the 1886 festival, now played Magdalene with great refinement and humour. Finally, the night-watchman of Herr Ludwig deserves a word of special mention.

At my second performance, on August 9, Hans Sachs was played by Scheidemantel, Pogner by Wiegand, and Eva by Frau Sucher. The new Sachs made all the difference. Now we saw the real thing; this Sachs lived, this Sachs did not keep one eye on the conductor while he was making his shoes, and his voice was as fresh at the end as at the beginning, so that his final speeches lifted us out of our seats with enthusiasm. Frau Sucher is one of the greatest artists on the German stage, which is saying a great deal, and consequently the comparatively easy part of Eva was child's play to her. On the whole, however, I am not sure that she drove Fräulein Bettaque out of our hearts. The chorus plays, as my readers know, a very important part in this work. I will say at once that finer dramatic choral singing has never been heard. The choruses are of the most varied description, from the solemn chorale which opens the drama, through every phase of playfulness, quarrelsomeness and popular humour, up to the overwhelming climax of "Wach Auf!" All these phases were rendered with absolute perfection. As to the orchestra, what is there to say excepting that it consisted of *virtuosi* and was conducted by Hans Richter. How it laughed, how it sobbed, how sarcastic it grew at times, how inspired at others, and how it was always absolutely perfect, only those will believe who heard it. The scenic and stage arrangements were all beautiful beyond my feeble powers of description. Lovely picture succeeded to lovely picture, all in good taste, all produced by legitimate theatrical means. The old Nürnberg Street, Sachs' dwelling, and the meadow without the walls, were all dreams of delight; and who that saw it will ever forget the astounding final group?

On August 8th I witnessed my first performance of *Parsifal* (for this year, *bien entendu*). The opening of the prelude was a great shock: it was too slow; and the whole prelude was spun out to no less than four minutes beyond its normal length. In the case of such a composition, this means nothing else than ruin, and accordingly the prelude was ruined. Let me get my growl over, and please read it in the light of my opening remarks. I trust that the readers of the "Musical World" are in sympathy with the Bayreuth master's work, and therefore I feel that I can speak to them *à cœur ouvert*. Very well, then, I will say straight out that the performance of *Parsifal* on August 8th ought to have been impossible on the Bayreuth stage. Frau Materna was Kundry. It is a very delicate matter to speak of a magnificent artist such as Frau Materna in other terms than those of praise. Suffice it to say that she is no longer the ideal Kundry, and anything short of the ideal in this theatre is, as I have said, intolerable. Then there was, on this unhappy day, a manifest carelessness in the stage management all through the work. The famous rhythmic march of the brethren of the Grail was slovenly, and

became—heaven save the mark!—almost ridiculous. The flower-maidens in the second act sang miserably out of tune and miserably out of time; to give only one instance, the words “Du Thor” which they fling as a parting shot at Parsifal were all to pieces, and, instead of coming crisply from the whole chorus in one unanimous crash, seemed to *patter* from each individual. The choruses in the dome also, those ethereal notes which ought to transport us to heaven, made us absolutely writhe in our seats by their flatness. In the last act the scene at the well, and the consequent transformation of the landscape, were very nearly ruined by the clumsy way in which Parsifal was disrobed, so that his coat of mail impeded the scenery and caused it to move in jerks.

All these things are nothing, you will say; but am I not talking of Bayreuth? These are just the very things which we must all insist on, and keep on insisting on. There must be no slovenliness and no carelessness. If the actors forget the high task with which they are entrusted, they must be sharply reminded of it. My impression is—and I am not giving you only my impression, but that of everybody I spoke to on the subject—that there is a danger of carelessness creeping in, partly owing to the tremendous success achieved by the festivals this year. “The battle is won; let us lay down our arms; let us eat, drink and be merry.” I say “Not at all; the battle of Bayreuth is just at its most terrible crisis. Now that you have brought the whole world to see you, it behoves you well to be on your guard to keep the thin end of the wedge out of the stage-door. What if, by and by, the world goes home saying they can do what you do as well or better than you on their own worldly stages? Have a care; the Grail is in your keeping. Have a care, beautiful flower-girls, grave brotherhood of the Grail. Every kiss of peace you give each other in a palpably perfunctory manner is counted against you. Don’t let us have any more flat notes or false stepping, and, above all, if you will believe me, let us have a little less of the eternal Angermann.” *Verb. sap.*

Well, fortunately, the discontent of the audience reached the authorities. Rehearsals were called, and on August 12th I saw *Parsifal* again, saw it as I had seen it in 1886 and in 1884, with all its holy beauty restored and all the earthly imperfection wiped away from it. I reserve one more short letter, in which I hope to give an account of this performance.

MUSIC, AND ITS RELATION TO THE OTHER FINE ARTS.*

(Continued from page 627).

If, however, we grant to each *note* the possession of musical suggestiveness, it is obvious that successive notes would introduce successive feelings too rapidly to be of any use. The prominence or prevalence of one note in a group will doubtless impart its character to the group; but the form of the groups themselves must be held chiefly answerable, I think, for the emotional effect. As this form is both rhythmic and tonal, we must allow, not only for the two influences, but also for the fact that the combination is a *chemical*, not a mechanical mixture. As by union of two gases we produce that which is not a gas at all, so it is evident that the result of tonal and rhythmic form-combination must be much more than the sum of the two added together. I have purposely omitted mention till now of the use of Harmony, or sounds of different pitch heard simultaneously. This is of two kinds (1) Harmony proper, or the simultaneous utterance of sounds one only of which is regarded by the listener as important, the others merely lending sensuous charm, strengthening the tonal relationship of the melodic notes, and imparting an element of colour (so to speak) similar to the different *shades* of a “monochrome”; and (2) Polyphony, or the simultaneous progress of two or more *melodies*, each of which is heard independently, while at the same time producing the harmonic effect peculiar to the other kind. Contrast of Rhythm is here imperative. Beyond all this again we have the associative effects which awaken certain feeling by our detection in the music of remote resemblances to *sounds or movements of Nature*. These, however, depend largely upon individual experience. Of such is the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, which, it seems to me, would stand little chance of being understood by a hearer who had never been in

the country—though he might feel its charm and enjoy its melodic beauty. But this is no longer abstract music, but music with a “programme.”

Similarly, of course, vocal music has the aid of words to make its meaning clear, to such an extent that it is certain the musical comprehension of nations who cultivate vocal rather than instrumental music *must* suffer. Inferior composers trust to their words for definite emotion and simply fit to them a more or less agreeable tune. Musical *expression* has been much more developed by Germany than by Italy. The latter, a singing nation if ever there were one, produces music remarkable for its plastic beauty but equally so too for its vague and untruthful expression.

But with regard to music, apart from the direct signification imparted by words, we must observe that it is listened to in different ways. For there are two classes of minds: Those who lean towards *abstract*, and those who lean towards *concrete* thinking. Those among the latter whose appreciation of the feeling suggested by music is very vivid, will crave instinctively for a concrete embodiment of it, and will supply one from their store of ideas, images and experiences. Among these, several perhaps, compare notes; they naturally find their ideal constructions differ, and thenceforth neither of them believes in the existence of definite expression in music at all. They say it is like Lord Burleigh’s famous nod—it means everything or nothing according as you “read in.” They have, as a matter of fact, simply tried to make it mean too much.

But here the differences of receptivity between men become strikingly apparent. As

“A primrose by a river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more,”

so a melody’s a *tune*, and “nothing more,” to some people. Races differ in this respect enormously, proving that music is *not*, as it is often said to be, a *universal language*. It has *dialects* which can only be understood by those whose temperaments are in accord with the music’s *style*, or whose experience and sympathy are large enough to have learnt to understand other ways of feeling than their own.

Now, he who while hearing a piece of music, is unable to discriminate between the various sources of its effect upon him, cannot hope to deliver a trustworthy opinion with regard to the rank it should hold. He may, indeed, enjoy it, and by comparing with previous experiences the degree of that enjoyment, may arrive at some general idea of the place it should occupy in *his* estimation; but he is always in danger of allowing the presence, or the absence, of some pet feature to blind him to the absence or the presence of others. He who on the contrary is able carefully to measure the proportion in which each element (rhythm; tone colour; pitch variety) in its sensuous, intellectual, or emotional aspects, contributes to the general effect, will be able to say, with infinitely less risk of being influenced by personal bias, how far the work deserves to be applauded or hissed. In both cases, of course, it is necessary to have an ideal standard of excellence to measure by; but in one case the hearer measures only by the degree of pleasure each piece brings him: in the other, by the number and degree of such excellencies as he may *intellectually perceive*, although perhaps he may not personally be in sympathy with them.

The absence of this discriminative power is at the bottom of all the inanities one hears on the subject of music from amateur (and, for that matter, from professional) critics. It accounts, too, for the ready sale of that rubbish which, disguised as music, sells in England every year by the ton. Thus, for instance, the feeblest melodic commonplaces are sure of acceptance if the words to which they are wedded appeal in any way to the easily-stirred domestic or social affections of the British matron and her city-pent husband. Thus, too, the unsophisticated amateur, on hearing a piece in which rhythmic form is subordinated to tonal form (e.g., the lower to the higher) and finding it in consequence much more difficult to follow, declares that there is “no melody” in it, by which he means that he can’t find any, it being an article of faith with the majority of our fellow creatures that what they can’t see doesn’t exist. A similar want of discrimination between the objects and limits of one art as compared with another makes him test paintings by the interest he takes in their subjects, as if a picture were a novel or a play. He will value sculpture in the same way; and having heard that the

* A Lecture delivered in April, 1888, before the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.

object of the stage is to "hold the mirror up to Nature," forthwith concludes that the more faithfully Nature is copied the better will be the drama. From this he judges a play as though it were a series of *tableaux vivants*, connected by a plot.

These instances bring us to the second and last part of our subject: "THE OTHER FINE ARTS." You need, however, have no fear that I shall attempt as complete a dissection of each art as I have tried in the case of music. Time and knowledge both fail me, and the nature of our enquiry fortunately does not demand it. Music is our principal subject: the "other arts" will be compared with it to a certain extent, *en bloc*. But *can* the "other arts" be lumped together in this way? Perhaps not, strictly speaking; but in this instance they shall be.

Various systems of dividing and grouping have been adopted by those who have attempted to classify the arts. There is, first, the necessary separation of the "useful" from the "fine" arts, a distinction, I believe, the ancient Greeks had not yet learnt to make. Yet one, at least, of the fine arts cannot exist without being "useful": Architecture. The distinction perhaps is not very perfect, but "twill serve." Schopenhauer has some interesting remarks on this head, which may here be quoted: "A work of genius is not a thing of utility. To be useless, belongs to the character of works of genius—it is their patent of nobility. All other works exist for the convenience of existence, only not these in question. They alone exist for themselves, and are the blossom, the real produce of existence. Therefore in enjoying them, our hearts expand: we rise above the heavy atmosphere of needs." Here, then, we have a bond which unites Music, Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, the Drama, Dancing, and all the decorative work which embellishes our homes, our public buildings, our persons, and the objects we use for the purposes of life and death. We have even to include a large amount of general literature under the definition "*useless*," both in this philosophical, and also, I fear, in a less complimentary sense. "Painting," of course, must be taken to include drawing, engraving, and so on. Architecture is on the border land, for its primary intention (Building) is utilitarian; so much so, that architectural style is, to a large extent, the outcome of necessity in this direction.

Now which of all the arts is the most useless—in Schopenhauer's sense of the word? Painting often serves to perpetuate the memory of a person or an event. Sculpture too—that around the base of the Albert Monument, for instance, conveys valuable information to the student. Poetry often imparts lessons of criticism and philosophy, describes occurrences, and so on.

But Music? Yes, it has, I know, been claimed as a valuable therapeutic—the keepers at Hanwell and Colney Hatch are, I understand, required to be proficient in the art of playing the trombone and other soothing instruments; it helps a regiment to march in time; it enables a congregation to unite without cacophony (sometimes) in praise and prayer. But apart from this use in these and other similar ways, what information can music give us? Granting its fullest claims as a *language*, of what can it tell but the emotions of a fellow creature—his joy, his aspiration, his yearnings, his despair?

Nothing, it must be confessed. Music is truly the most "useless" of the arts.

(To be Continued).

THE PLAINT OF THE GRAND PIANO.

(From "Punch.")

I was a grand piano once—nay, hearken what I say—
The grandeur is no longer here, it left me yesterday.
One leather-souled executant at a sitting could demolish
The mellow pride of tuneful years, of tone, and power, and polish.

A dapper man, with weary brow, and smile of conscious pow'r,
A Jove, prepared to improvise tone-thunder by the hour,
Is NASMYTH HAMMERMANN, whose touch would disconcert the dead,
Whose foot would rush with pedal-crush where angels fear to tread.

He kept his soul in patience while lesser people played,
As one who bears with cruder views that taste-bound souls degrade;
He pitied plaintive melody and winning modulation,
Biding his time—and then it came—the afternoon's sensation.

He hovered over the keyboard, like a wild beast over its prey,
And he tossed his head, and he rattled his wrists—and then he began
to play;

To play! And in that crowded room was none with heart to see
That what was play to him and them was worse than death to me!

He struck a chord, as a hawk strikes a lark who is dumb with fear,
And his fingers spread over the octaves like a slander in full career,
And my overstrung nerves that waited the worst nigh sprung from
the shuddering case

As he finished his horrible prelude with an awful bang in the bass.

He gloated; I waited; and then began a butchery great and grim,
And melody screamed and harmony writhed, and form, rent limb
from limb,

Was hurled in murderous *largesse* to the careless, ravening crowd,
Who chatted and laugh'd the louder, as my agony waxed more loud.

He checked his course, and he wirgled round, till he found the soul
of pain,

And he thumped it with pitiless fingers, again, again, again!

Then, like a pawing horse let go, he tore at headlong pace,
And drowned the tortured treble's cry in the roar of an anguished
bass.

My tenderest tones, that answer clear the artist's lightest touch,
Were yank'd in handfuls out like hair in some fierce maniac's clutch,
And my beautiful keys, that never yet had sullied their tuneful pride,
Like elephants with the tusk-ache in ivory anguish cried.

Hark to the murmurs sad and low, self-struck upon my strings,
Such music as a dying love, unknown, unsolaced sings,
For yesterday's undreamt disgrace can never not have been,
And I must shrink from music now, and sob "Unclean, unclean!"

The girls have practised on me in endless ladders of scales,
Whereby they mounted to castle'd heights, and the realms of fairy
tales;

And I loved their wayward endeavours, and my patient sweetness at
last

Won them to tell me their love's young dreams as I hallowed their
childhood's past.

And the Governess, meek and modest, who counted the tale of bars,
Would slip from the sleeping children, and the schoolroom worries
and jars;

And the tender heart would open to me, and work-a-day woes forgot,
The pencil-cramped hands would tremble, and the tears from her
heart well'd hot.

They called her a Perfect Treasure, but 'twas I alone who knew
The tale of the young life's struggle, so tender and brave and true;
And when she touched me I told it, and somebody listened and
learned,

And the winter-time went out of her life, and the daffodil days
returned.

And MAUD in her tempers would bang away—Sweet MAUD—for I
often heard

The *fortissimo* suddenly ended in a kiss like the chirp of a bird.

And MABEL's curious reveries—how soon a piano discovers

When a girl gives one hand to her music, and the other is clasped in
her lover's.

Perchance some tender hand again may soothe my tortured heart,
May heal the scars of HAMMERMANN with balm of rare MOZART;
Perchance the Nocturne's mystic feet may through my caverns stray,
When great BEETHOVEN'S passion-storms have cleansed the plague
away.

But no, farewell that happy past; henceforth I'm only fit

To play the concertina's part to wandering niggers' wit;

Or, as a street-piano, find as jubilant a goal

As a wet day in China when you do not know a soul.

Yet it may be my past deserts may win a loftier place,
Low in the outer walks of Art, not blatant in disgrace;

And Music's tutelary powers may bid their Outcast go

And be the sacred music in a panoramic show,

And moan "*The Village Blacksmith*" when the lights are burning low.

GEORGE GROSSMITH.*

It would require a Thackeray to do justice to this little shilling's-worth. With his unerring, if sometimes over-keen, scent for snobbery, he would have tracked out the present "quarry," penetrated the armour of humour which protects it from the teeth of the critic-hound, and, if it were quite worthy the effort, have torn that beautiful self-esteem which is so delightful a characteristic of the present autobiographer. In the words of the embryo baronet in "Ruddigore," Mr. Grossmith says, "You've no idea what a poor opinion I have of myself, and how little I deserve it." Mr. Corney Grain has recently laid bare the "tale of his life" to an amused and sympathetic public, but whatever may have been the egotism of that little brochure, it must pale its ineffectual light before the glare of Mr. Grossmith's autobiography. In the cause of amusement, however, much must be forgiven to the "Society Clown."

It was as far back as 1855 that the Savoy humourist first showed signs of his taste for clowning, and with this exception the first seventeen years of Mr. Grossmith's life were neither more nor less adventurous than that of the average suburban schoolboy. Between seventeen and eighteen, however, the writer took his first shorthand note in court at Bow Street, and for a subsequent period of twenty years had the distinguished honour of being decidedly "well known to the police." Then Mr. Grossmith joined the profession of journalist to that of reporter and edited a paper, called "Ourselves at Home," of eight pages, with very little matter, much spacing out, and very big type. This died a natural death on March 8th, 1867.

"What first put it into your head to give entertainments?" is a question I have been asked hundreds of times, and my reply has always been, 'I'm sure I do not know.' Nor do I know to this day. I used to play the piano very well at the age of twelve. What was considered 'very well' for a boy twenty-eight years ago no doubt would be considered execrable in these days of Hoffmanns and Hegners. I remember, when I played, ladies used to say, 'How odd it seems to see a boy playing.' It was thought effeminate to play the piano.

"Besides playing from music, I also played a good deal by ear, which was considered demoralising, and still is by those who know nothing about it. Playing correctly by ear is a gift that should be encouraged. I was delighted one afternoon recently, when calling upon Mrs. Kendal, the well-known actress, to see her little boy, of about ten or eleven, sit down at the grand piano and play off by ear, perfectly correctly, 'Le révenant de la revue' and one of my own songs. It is a gift delightful to the one fortunately endowed with it; and it does not follow that one should not also play correctly from music.

"For my own pleasure (I do not know whether it was for other people's), I used to sing the comic songs, 'Johnny Sands,' 'The Cork Leg,' and 'The Lost Child,' to my own pianoforte accompaniment. I was never taught the tunes or words of these songs, but picked them up as children do, and reproduced them at the piano in a fashion of my own."

"When half-way through my teens I began to write snatches of songs and illustrations, and received much help and encouragement from my father. He used to take me to the old Gallery of Illustration, to hear the imitable John Parry; and this infused not only a new life, but a totally different style, into my work. Still in my teens, I used to be asked to the grown-up parties of Mr. Toole, Mr. Charles Millward, Mr. Henry Neville, and Mr. John Hollingshead, the last-named of whom, only the other day, reminded me that I never could be persuaded to sing before supper, excusing myself on the ground that the songs always went so much better after supper. So they did, and so they will do."

"As a boy, I used, at certain evening parties, to accompany Toole in 'A Horrible Tale' and 'Bob Simmons,' and considered it a high honour. I used to sing some of the songs of Henry J. Byron, a constant visitor to my father's house, and received much encouragement from him; also from John Oxenford, the dramatic critic of *The Times*; Andrew Halliday; T. W. Robertson, the dramatic author, and scores of others. It will be seen, therefore, that though I commenced on my own account, I was destined to be brought up in an atmosphere of literature and art."

At the close of 1864 Mr. Grossmith "was a dab at Penny Readings," and made his first public appearance in a schoolroom in close proximity to Holy Trinity Church, Hawley Road. He next appeared in a burlesque on *Hamlet*, and subsequently in *The Yellow Dwarf* and *The Silver Wedding* at the Polytechnic. An insight into Mr. Grossmith's method of work may be gained from the following:—

"I always write the words of the song first of course, and then the music. I composed over half a dozen tunes for 'The Duke of Seven Dials' before I hit upon one to suit my fancy. I was a fortnight composing 'The Lost Key,' and only a couple of hours writing and composing 'The Happy Fatherland.' With regard to the 'patter' portion of the sketch, that is the last part I write, and I alter it from time to time during its delivery—cutting out portions that do not 'go,' and extemporising observations and retaining them if they do 'go.'"

Mr. Grossmith concluded his first long engagement at the Polytechnic in the summer of 1871, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul

* "A Society Clown," By George Grossmith. Bristol: W. Arrowsmith.

engaged him to join them on a seaside tour. Later on he made a tour in company with his father, an enormous favourite in the country as a humorous reciter. These were generally successful, with the following brilliant exception. They had "entertained" in Scotland, and were on the departure platform, when a deputation met them, the "elder" of which said:—

"You'll be sorry to hear that we find, on making up the accounts, we are exactly £1 14s. 6d. out of pocket by your lecture. We thought you would not like to leave the town with that upon your mind; and so we give you the opportunity of returning the deficit, and enabling you, with a clear conscience, to say we have not lost by your visit."

After some years of tearing about all over the United Kingdom, Mr. Grossmith at last settled down at the Savoy. The story of his engagement is a long one, but we make the following extract:—

"One dark night in that very November I fulfilled my last provincial institution engagement (at Dudley), and went back to stay the night, or what was left of it, at the Guest Hospital, with Dr. Orwin, my old schoolfellow, with whom I had the pugilistic encounter at the preparatory school on Haverstock Hill. He called me up at five o'clock next morning, which was, if possible, darker than the night before, and packed me off to London to attend my first rehearsal, which was held in the refreshment saloon (without refreshments) at the Opéra Comique.

"The course adopted with reference to the Gilbert and Sullivan rehearsals is as follows:—The music is always taken first. The principle singers and the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus are seated in a semi-circle on the stage. A cottage piano is in the middle, and we are rehearsed as an ordinary choir would be. Sir Arthur Sullivan usually first composes the difficult choruses, especially the finale to the first act—an elaborate score."

"The quartettes and trios arrive next, and the duets and songs last.

"I have sometimes only received the tunes of my songs the week before production. The song in the second act of *Princess Ida* was re-written, and I only got the music two nights before the performance. The difficulty then was, not in learning the new tune, but in unlearning the old one.

"The greatest interest is evinced by us all as the new vocal numbers arrive. Sir Arthur Sullivan will arrive hurriedly, with a batch of MSS. under his arm, and announce the fact that there is something new. He takes his seat at the piano and plays over the new number. The vocal parts are written in, but no accompaniment.

"Mr. Francois Cellier listens and watches; and how he can remember for future rehearsal, as he does, the elaborate accompaniments and symphonies, with the correct harmonies, &c., from simply hearing Sir Arthur play the pieces over a few times, is to me astonishing.

"Mr. Gilbert will attend all these musical rehearsals: he takes mental notes of the style of composition, time, rhythm, everything, and goes home and invents his groups and business. For every piece he has small stages constructed—exact models of Savoy Theatre—with set scenes. The characters are represented by little bricks of various colours, to distinguish chorus from principals, and ladies from gentlemen. Many a time he has shown me some future intended grouping, entrance, or general effect; and I must say it has been most interesting. No expense is spared to get the requisite accuracy; and I believe the little model of a ship, for the recent revival of *H. M. S. Pinafore*, cost £60.

"It is well known that Mr. Gilbert is an extremely strict man, and on all matters of stage business his word is law. All the arrangements of colours and the original groupings, with which the frequenters of the Savoy are so well acquainted, are by him.

"Sir Arthur Sullivan is also very exact with reference to the rendering of the music; and it is perfectly understood between author and composer that no business should be introduced by the former into the chorus so as to interfere with a proper performance of the music."

"I have said that Sir Arthur Sullivan is strict with the music. Every member of the chorus has to sing the exact note set down for him or her; and often, in the midst of the rehearsal of a full chorus *double-forte* we have been pulled up because a careless gentleman has sung a semi-quaver instead of a demi-semi-quaver, or one of the cousins, sisters, or aunts has failed to dot a crotchet.

"One of the most prominent and popular members of our company was remarkably quick in picking up the music by ear—a method of learning music by no means advisable. One day he was singing a solo allotted to him, which he had learned in the way mentioned, and he occasionally sang (let us say) two even crotchets instead of one dotted and a quaver, and he made one or two slight deviations from the melody. Sullivan listened, with a most amused expression, and at the conclusion, said: 'Bravo! that is really a very good tune of yours—capital! And now, if you have no objection, I will trouble you to sing mine.'"

All this part of the little book is most interesting, and the following chapter on "A Society Clown" should be read, in spite of Mr. Gilbert's

"Funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life,
They'd none of them be missed—they'd none of them be missed."

It is the last chapter, however, containing "a little list" of the great people Mr. Grossmith has met, the great houses he has been to, and the flattery he has given and received, which, despite the attempt the author makes to palliate the offence by calling it "a very snobbish chapter," will afford much delight to the snob-hunter. Mr. Grossmith's book, however, is generally amusing, is much more pretentious than its predecessor by Corney Grain, and cannot fail to become popular.

W. L. C.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1888.

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MUSIC AND CULTURE.

The world is always glad when it can play the part of devil's advocate against artists of any kind; but it accepts no brief with more eagerness than that sometimes offered against musicians. No class of artists, actors alone excepted, is more often and more virulently accused of envy, hatred, malice, and other more or less flagrant breaches of the world's Decalogue, which, by the way, differs in many important points from that of Moses. Against general accusations of the kind, there is but little need to-day to defend them; but there is one indictment, which, so far from being untrue, is so seldom and so weakly put, that we propose for once to accept a brief, and to formulate that charge with all boldness. It is this: that musicians are, as a class, far less cultured, in the highest and best sense of the word, than any of their fellow-artists. This is a serious accusation; but since it is true, it must sooner or later be cried, with added and terrible emphasis, by the condemning voice of Art herself.

To state it more fully. Musicians are too frequently content with their own art; their horizon is too narrow, their sympathies too small in scope, their acquirements too partial; and all these faults must in some measure be made apparent in their art. A certain loss of humanity is inevitable, no less than closer circumscription of aim. The painter, on the other hand, looks beyond the limits of his immediate vocation; he not only seeks rest and recreation in the storehouses of literature and music, but he bids these to help him in his work. Nor is it otherwise with the poet, who bids the past unfold its door, and the human heart yield up its secrets; and to take up a volume of but average poetry, is to be confronted with a range of interest, a wide sweep of sympathy, which are seldom found in the musician. He is too often ignorant of the results attained in the past, and in the present also, by those who have worked, and are working, in the same great army. For, however we may be compelled, in the individual capacity, to separate the various arts, let us not forget that Art herself is a perfect and glorious unity, and that her priests should bring to her service their best and their all. Every faculty should be developed and used, none should be left starved and sterile. Anything short of this rich and unstinted service is unfit for "that lady Beauty,"

"in whose praise

"Thy voice and hand shake still—long known to thee
By flying hair and fluttering hem—the beat
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond light, how many days and ways."

In a word, musicians lack culture. There are, we gladly acknowledge, many amongst the dead and the living, of whom this is untrue; and whose minds were and are as widely and generously cultured as need be; but the majority lack entirely that breadth of sympathy without which an artist's work is imperfect and weak. Will the lessons of such men as Schumann and Wagner never be learned? They perceived the need for culture more clearly perhaps than any of their fellows; and apart from the direct results of Wagner's work, he has indirectly, but with great force, shewn the importance of this. The musical drama, as he conceived it, presupposes the existence of musicians who find their sources of inspiration in all life, all art. The knowledge of whatever the wisest and best men have said, or done,—this is culture; and this knowledge should be possessed by all musicians. It is, of course, true that to each art there is a limit set, beyond which if we trespass, weakness and indistinctness result; but it is not less true, that every artist should be able to touch hands with each of his fellows, to know what each is doing in his own sphere, and to forge closer the links in that golden chain of Art by which all should be bound in her service. When this good thing comes about, we may expect our own art to take on a more human, and also a more divine, aspect; its channels of influence will be deepened, and more widely beneficent; and Art will be seen no more as an isolated phenomenon, but as one with the sunlight and the stars.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL. NOTES.

Orchestral rehearsals have been held during the week, in St. George's Hall, under Herr Richter. Wednesday was devoted to the novelties, Dr. Parry's "Judith," and Dr. Bridge's "Callirhoe." A perusal of the scores (just published by Messrs. Novello), enables us to anticipate for both these works the success due to merit and high endeavour; and if we were not aware of the dangers of premature criticism, we should feel inclined to speak in exceptionally high terms of Dr. Parry's oratorio. There is a heartiness about it, a directness, an absence of what our American cousins call "foolin' round", most refreshing. The prevailing impression is one of dignity, a quality in itself sufficiently rare to deserve mention; but which, when united, as in this case, to sensuous charm and rich orchestral colour, can scarcely fail, we should imagine, to secure for "Judith" a permanent place in our limited repertoire of good modern oratorios.

On Thursday, a new Offertoire for Organ, by Mr. John Francis Barnett, will be played between the first and second parts of the "Messiah."

BIRMINGHAM, August 21.—Preparations to receive visitors are nearly completed. Our noble Town Hall has seen the last of painters, decorators, and upholsterers. The principal thoroughfares already begin to have a holiday appearance, and the famous Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival may now begin in earnest. The band rehearsals, under their world-renowned Kapellmeister, Hans Richter, are this week receiving the Maestro's finishing touches, and Saturday and Monday next will be devoted to the final full rehearsals, which take place at the Town Hall. It is anticipated that the influx of strangers will be as great as of yore, the noble patrons will assemble in force, and "cette nobesse qui oblige" will prove again the mainstay of the Festival. The shortcomings will be felt in our immediate surroundings, and I fear our own citizens will not muster in their thousands as they ought to. The applications for seats are coming in "en masse" principally from outside, but will not compare favourably with former successful years. The great care bestowed on the choral rehearsals, the excellent and musicianly programme set forth, and finally, the superb orchestra under such a master's hands promises great musical achievements. The new works, as far as can be judged from the choral portions, are extremely rich in construction, in melody, and conception, and will necessarily form a valuable addition to the musical literature of this country. The "Elijah,"

that fascinating, musical inspiration, breathing genius in every bar, will once more draw one of the fullest houses. The "Messiah," as usual, will be given on Thursday morning. The place of honour is allotted to Dr. Parry's new oratorio, "Judith," which promises to be the success of the Festival. Our General Hospital, in aid of which these Festivals are held, greatly depends on the financial results of these gatherings; and for the sake of that noble institution, let us hope the music-loving English nation will once more loosen their purses' strings and be the means of alleviating human misery.—O. P.

"LETTERS UPON THE POETRY AND MUSIC OF THE ITALIAN OPERA."*

(Continued from page 634.)

LETTER III.

MY LORD,

Recitative and Air may be considered as *genera* in music, and the different kinds of each as *species*.

What I have already had the honour of submitting to your Lordship's perusal, on the subject of Recitative, may serve partly to explain the nature of Air. All those passages where the transition from one emotion to another is sudden and violent, and which, therefore, can neither, on account of their brevity, make each a whole of itself, nor, by reason of their variety, be made parts of the same whole, are expressed in Recitative. Those, on the other hand, in which one sentiment pervades a whole sentence composed of different parts, become proper subjects for Air; and, indeed, every complete musical strain may, with great justness, be termed a sentence or period in melody.—Before proceeding to speak of the different kinds of Airs, it may not be improper to say something of the Symphony by which they are in general preceded. This Symphony is the enunciation, by the orchestra, of the strain or subject, what the Italians call the *motivo* of the Air; and when not improperly introduced, (which it always is when the sense admits not of any pause), serves several useful purposes;—it gives time to the singer to breathe, already, perhaps, fatigued by a long recitative;—it often fills up, with propriety, a natural pause, and always finely prepares the audience for what is to come after, by enabling them, having thus once heard the strain, to listen with more intelligence, and, of consequence, with more interest and pleasure to the song. Besides, the general use of the Symphony, renders the omission of it, on particular occasions, beautiful and striking.—Thus, for example, at the end of a Recitative, or at the beginning of a scene, when the audience are expecting, as usual, the preparatory Symphony to the Air, they are suddenly surprised by the violent burst of some impetuous passion, which admitted of no possible pause. The propriety of having, in such a circumstance, omitted the Symphony, comes forcibly on the mind, as, *vice versa*, the effect of the omission here confirms the propriety of using it where the sense allows it to be introduced. Sometimes, again, the Symphony is omitted in a very different manner, tho' with equal propriety: When, for instance, in an accompanied recitative, after a succession of very different emotions, some sentiment is supposed to take possession of the mind, related to that which is to be the subject of the Air, and to which it is afterwards led by a gradation of kindred emotions:—The progress, in this case, from Recitative to Air, is so gentle, that the audience frequently find themselves melting into tears at the affecting and continued melody of the Air, before they are aware that the Recitative is ended. This imperceptible transition is effected sometime by subjecting the recitative itself to musical measure, and making the notes of it, by degrees, take a resemblance to those of the Air. At other times, it is brought about by introducing, in the instrumental parts, during the pauses of the Recitative, passages of the strain which is to make the subject of the Air: Sometimes by both these means. The effect of this gradual transition is always very fine, and, as your Lordship will observe, is, in part, derived from that habitual distinction which the audience are accustomed to make between Recitative and Air.—As to the Airs themselves, your Lordship will conceive that they are as various as their subjects. These are every possible sentiment, affection, or passion, the expression of which is extended through one sentence of a certain length; such sentences

* "By the late Mr. John Brown, painter. Edinburgh, 1789."

as these,—*I love—I fear his wrath—I mourn her loss*—though all proper subjects for musical expression, being evidently too short to afford matter for a strain or melody, which, however simple, must still be composed of parts, the relations of which to one another, and to one whole, constitute, indeed, the essence of such strain.—The Air, though it must contain at least one complete sentence, is not, however, limited to one alone: It is often composed of two, sometimes of more parts; but these, whether related by analogy or by contrast to the principal one, must each strictly belong to the same whole. The Airs are divided, by the Italians, into certain classes; these classes are originally founded on real distinctions, drawn from the nature of the various affections of the mind; but musicians, who, like other artists, are seldom philosophers, have distinguished them by names relative to the practice of their own profession.—The principal are the following:

Aria Cantabile,—by pre-eminence so called, as if it alone were Song: And, indeed, it is the only kind of song which gives the singer an opportunity of displaying at once, and in the highest degree, all his powers, of whatever description they be. The proper subjects for this Air are sentiments of tenderness.

Aria di portamento,—a denomination expressive of the carriage, (as they thus call it), of the voice. This kind of Air is chiefly composed of long notes, such as the singer can dwell on, and have, thereby, an opportunity of more effectually displaying the beauties, and calling forth the powers of his voice; for the beauty of sound itself, and of voice in particular, as being the finest of all sounds, is held, by the Italians, to be one of the chief sources of the pleasure we derive from music. The subjects proper for this Air are sentiments of dignity.

Aria di mezzo carattere.—Your Lordship can be at no loss to understand this term; though I know no words in our language by which I could properly translate it. It is a species of Air, which, though expressive neither of the dignity of this last, nor of the pathos of the former, is, however, serious and pleasing.

Aria parlante,—speaking Air, is that which, from the nature of its subject, admits neither of long notes in the composition, nor of many ornaments in the execution. The rapidity of the motion of this Air is proportioned to the violence of the passion which is expressed by it. This species of Air goes sometimes by the name of *aria di nota e parola*, and likewise of *aria agitata*; but these are rather sub-divisions of the species, and relate to the different degrees of violence of the passion expressed.

Aria di bravura, aria di agilità,—is that which is composed chiefly, indeed, too often, merely to indulge the singer in the display of certain powers in the execution, particularly extraordinary agility or compass of voice. Though this kind of air may be sometimes introduced with some effect, and without any great violation of propriety, yet, in general, the means are here confounded with the end.

Rondo—is a term of French origin, unknown, I believe, till of late to the Italian musicians. It relates merely to a certain peculiarity in the construction of the song, in which the composer, after having properly established the subject, carries it through a variety of tones, every now and then returning to the principal strain or part, and always concluding with it.

Cavatina—is an expression which likewise relates to the form alone, meaning an Air of one part, without repetition.

These, to the best of my remembrance, are the classes into which the Italians have divided Air.

I shall now say something of each class; and, in doing so, I hope to give your Lordship some idea of the great extent as well as precision of the Italian music, and to show, that, though the names of these classes be evidently taken from circumstances of practice, yet these circumstances, if properly attended to, will be found to be strictly connected with, and, indeed, to originate from distinctions of a higher kind, which must have been previously made with respect to the nature of the passions, and their effect on utterance and expression. Whether the Italian composers, in observing these distinctions, have been guided by some system, or have been merely influenced by feeling, I cannot take upon me to say. I am rather, however, inclined to think that the latter is the case; in the first place, because I never heard of any such system existing among them, and, because I have been personally acquainted with several of their finest composers now living, that had no idea of it; and,

again, because I think, that, to the want of such a system can be alone attributed the gross deviations (which, even in the works of their greatest masters, are sometimes to be met with), from its most obvious and most essential principles.

LETTER IV.

MY LORD,

The *aria cantabile* is emphatically so called, as being the highest species of Song. It is that indeed which affords the singer an opportunity of displaying, in the execution of it, all his powers and skill;—if he has voice, if he has feeling, if he has taste, if he has fancy, if he has science—here he has ample scope for the exertion of them all. The subject proper for this air is the expression of tenderness. Though this be an expression which always tends to sadness, yet the sadness is of that pleasing kind which the mind loves to indulge: Thus, the memories of pleasures that are past, the complaints of a lover absent from his *faithful* mistress, and such like, are proper themes for this air. Hence it arises, that the *aria cantabile*, whilst it is susceptible of great pathos, admits, without prejudice to the expression, of being highly ornamented; for this plain reason, that, though the sentiments it expresses are affecting, they are, at the same time, such as the mind dwells on with pleasure; and it is likewise for this reason that the subject of the *cantabile* must never border on deep distress, nor approach to violent agitation, both of which are evidently inconsistent with ornament. The motion of this air, though not so solemn as that which belongs to still graver subjects, is very slow, and its constituent notes, of consequence, proportionally long; I say *constituent notes*, in order to distinguish those which the singer introduces as ornamental from those which constitute the melody itself. These last are, in general, very few, extremely simple in their march, and so arranged as to allow great latitude to the skill of the singer. The instrumental parts are, in this kind of song, restricted to almost nothing; for, though the accompaniment is of use to the singer because it supports the voice, yet ought it to be kept so subordinate to the vocal part, as never, during the song, to become the object of attention. The singer who attempts the *cantabile* should be endowed, in the first place, with a fine voice, of the sweet and plaintive kind, that the long notes, of which this song is composed, may, of themselves, delight the ear: He ought to have great sensibility, that he may nicely feel and express in an affecting manner the sentiment: He should possess, besides, great taste and fancy, highly to ornament the melody, and, thereby, give to it that elegance which is essential to this kind of song: An accurate judgment is likewise necessary, to keep his fancy within due bounds; and he ought to be a perfect master of the science of counter-point, that he may know precisely what liberties he may take with respect to the harmony of the other parts. As the productions of science are, at least in part, justly esteemed by the degree of *utility* which attends them, so those of *art* may be by the degree of *pleasure* they afford. Now, it is the superior degree of pleasure (which proceeds from the joint exertion of so many powers of nature and art in the *aria cantabile*) that gives to it the pre-eminence over every other kind of song: for your Lordship will observe, that, in listening to an air of this description, though the mind is all awake to feeling, yet are the emotions it experiences of that gentle kind which unfit it neither for the contemplation of beauty, nor for the admiration of art; on the contrary, they serve to dispose it more effectually for both. Thus, many of the noblest faculties of the mind are gratified at once; we judge, we admire, we feel, at the same instant of time; and, I may even say, we are, at the same instant, sensibly feasted: for there is no doubt but there is a charm, not only in the harmony of sounds, but even in the beauty of sound itself, which acts physically on the machine, and may be considered as actually producing a sensual gratification. The following are examples of the *cantabile* from Metastasio: In the first, a lover, complaining to his friend of the cruelty of his mistress, concludes the recitative by saying,

Ma quanto, ah, tu nol fai, quant' è tiranna.
But thou knowest not, alas! how unkind she is.

A I R.

Jo lo so, che il bel sembiante
Un istante, oh dio, mirai,
E mai piu da quell' istante
Non lasciai di sospirar.

I know it, who, but for a moment, beheld that lovely countenance ;
and never, from that moment, have ceased to sigh.

Jo lo so ; lo sanno queste
Valli ombrose, erme foreste,
Che han da me quel nome amato,
Imparato a replicar.

I know it ; and these shady vales, these solitary woods, which have
learned from me to repeat her beloved name, know it also.

In this second, a young warrior, about to take leave of his weeping
mistress, thus addresses her :

Frena le belle lagrime,
Idolo del mio cor ;
No, per vederti piangere,
Cara, non ò valor ;
Ah non destarmi almeno
Nuovi tumulti in seno ;
Bastano i dolci palpiti
Che vi cagiona amor.

Cease those gentle tears, my soul's idol ; if I see thee weep, my
fortitude forsakes me. Ah, forbear to awake in my bosom new
tumults ; the soft palpitations are sufficient which love causes there
already.

(To be Continued).

Concerts.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

"The People" mustered in force at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. It was the opening day of the National Co-operative Exhibition, and a festival of music and out-door sports marked the occasion. There were speeches too, of course, but music was the great attraction. It consisted of Organ Recitals by Miss Klickmann and Mr. E. H. Turpin ; Orchestral Concerts, under Mr. Manns ; Hand-bell ringing ; and a grand Choral Performance, in which 4,000 singers, conducted by Mr. G. W. Williams, took part. They, however, confined their efforts almost solely to very simple, not to say childish, part-songs, in which effects of a trivial "claptrappy" kind were by no means conspicuous by their absence. It is unnecessary to enter into details. Everyone, alas ! is but too familiar with the watery stuff so constantly offered to the great English people, and from which it is expected to derive artistic nourishment. That there was little to find fault with in the rendering of these ditties, goes without saying, but it was impossible not to grieve for a great opportunity lost. The discipline and "co-operative" unity of the mighty host were further shewn in some entertaining manual exercises performed by the 4,000, in imitation of their Conductor. An ode, "The Triumph of Labour," specially written for the occasion by Mr. Lewis Morris, and set to music by Mr. J. F. Barnett, was also sung, the solo being undertaken by Miss Ernestina Ponti. Except that it sounded more laborious than triumphant, the work may be praised for its avoidance of commonplace, and for some interesting modulations in the solo part. In a smaller room, these doubtless would have told better. Miss Klickmann accompanied, but had evidently not made herself acquainted with the capabilities of the organ.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The second "Classical Night" on Wednesday brought together a large concourse of attentive and, to judge from their behaviour, intelligent listeners. The overture to "Euryanthe" which headed the programme, would have been all the better for a little more fire, but it was otherwise well done. Delicate and expressive renderings of Scharwenka's "Andante Religioso," and of Max Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," the 'cello solo which was capitally played by Mr. Edward Howell, whose fine tone was much appreciated, followed. Madame Frickenhaus was heard in the G minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, a work which, though it suits her far better than Schumann's Concerto,—her solo at the previous concert—makes occasional demands a little in excess of her technical powers. The popular lady was most successful in the slow movement and finale : she sparkled through the latter quite delightfully. The symphony, as usual, gave the signal for

"moving on" to a large number of the guests, whose absence thinned the crowd in front, and enabled the real music-lovers to breathe more freely. Beethoven's ever welcome "C minor" was the work chosen. Except that, as in the case of the overture, a little more energy would have been an advantage, the first movement was (judging, *bien entendu*, by promenade concert standards) remarkably well played. Its orchestral and rhythmic details came out with singular clearness, and Mr. Crowe managed to make his orchestra feel the meaning of the word "precision." Greater breadth of treatment should have been accorded to that sublime hymn of human hope and consolation, the slow movement, but, on the other hand, much care and attention were bestowed on details—the charming passages for the wood-wind especially. The Scherzo and Finale were given with spirit, but the tremendous entry of the latter, after the awful suspense of the famous passage on a drum "pedal," was not half powerful enough. How few conductors realise the capabilities of this crash ! There is nothing like it in the whole range of art.

The vocal items were contributed by Madame Belle Cole, Miss Nikita, and Mr. Santley. The American contralto gave an exceedingly-refined and expressive rendering of Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga," partly, however, destroying its Handelian character by exaggerated pianissimo effects. Madame Cole's pianissimos are a *specialité*, we know, but they should be reserved for music to which they are suited. The same remark (only "more so") will apply to Miss Nikita's rendering of Mozart's "Voi che sapete," which was sung almost *adagio*. This young lady's sympathetic and artistic organization is sufficiently evident, but until she learns to regard sensationalism as a delusion and a snare she will not take the rank to which her talents should eventually entitle her. Of Mr. Santley's successes it would be quite superfluous to speak—the audience rose at him ; but we must not omit acknowledgment of the excellent services rendered by the accompanist, Mr. F. Lewis Thomas, whose artistic tact is quite out of the common.

Reviews.

MUSIC.

The London Music Publishing Company forwards a setting by Mia Arnstein, of Matthew Arnold's exquisite poem, "Strew on her roses, roses," a composition, which, although in passages it interprets adequately some of the tenderness and pathos of the words, is rather suggestive of a Moody and Sankey tune. Kind assistance is given to the ignorant accompanist by the expression marks which abound on every page.

Messrs. E. George & Co. publish a song by Wentworth Huyshe, "December," the words being Keats' well-known poem. The song, notwithstanding its reminiscences of a certain song much in favour a few years since, is not without merit, being eminently vocal.

BOOKS.

The appearance of a ninth edition of the Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt's "A Concise History of Music" gives welcome proof of the thoroughness with which the study of music is now undertaken. The young student of to-day scarcely perhaps realizes how favorable are his chances as compared with his predecessors of the last generation. Both in historical and technical branches of the art, bulky and expensive tomes alone were then available. But the enterprising publisher of this "better half" of the nineteenth century has changed all that, and the musical student may now carry all the books he needs in a knapsack. And among the works without which no such travelling library would be complete, may certainly be reckoned the little History before us. The author modestly warns the student that he is not to expect a "readable" book. But if the "General Summary" and the "Chronological Tables" be chiefly useful for reference, the "Art Summary" at least should be absolved from the charge of dullness. No author need be envied the task of embodying a sketch of the history of music from the 4th to the 19th centuries in 78 pages of very small octavo : to have achieved such a task at all worthily should assuredly be held to atone for many sins ! The work has been revised to date and is altogether undoubtedly the handiest little volume on the subject in the language.

The Organ World.

THE LATE DR. DYKES ON CHURCH MUSIC.

(Continued from page 650).

It would take too much time to specify the gradual improvements that were effected; but Dr. Dykes mentioned the name of Guido, the celebrated Benedictine monk of Arezzo, in Tuscany, to whom, shortly before the Norman Conquest we owed the gamut and the first practical advance in the systematic study of harmony: and his great successor Franco, of Cologne, to whom we owed the time table. One discovery led to another, innovations and licences, good and bad, found their way into the Church, till the old plain chant was in danger of disappearing, being either discarded for more modern strains, disfigured by flourishes or so veiled by the superadded descant or harmony as to be scarcely recognizable. The fact was that secular music was advancing, and the music of the Church remained stationary. The Church instead of availing itself of, while gently controlling, the spread of musical knowledge, avowedly treated it with indifference. But while professing a stiff unyielding purism, she was in actual practice driven in self-defence to resort to all manner of questionable expedients to render her service attractive. The bull of John XXII. insisting on the strict observance of plain song, and confining the use of concords to the great festivals, was yet in force. But people could never be satisfied with mere plain song. They would have music—if not good they would have bad, and it was manifest that if the Church would retain her hold upon her people, and not suffer her music to become wholly contemptible, she must relax her restrictions. As an illustration of the certainty of reaction against unwise authority, the lecturer referred to the great abuses which prevailed at the time of the Council of Trent, when every sort of excess was committed with the plain song, even secular ditties being introduced. The Council of Trent took the matter in hand, and at first contemplated very stringent repressive rules, but finally, through the influence of the Spanish Bishops, they were not carried, and the rules finally adopted were sensible and sound. The Council confined itself rather to general principles than entered into details, and among other things insisted strongly on the distinct enunciation of the sacred words. Two Commissioners—one of them the great Carlo Borromeo—were appointed to superintend the carrying out of the decisions of the Council, but there needed the mind of some master musician, and God raised up one to meet the emergency—Giovanni Pier Luigi, called from his birthplace, Palestrina. The Commissioners were directed to take council with him. He discountenanced the rejection of harmonized and scientific music and the employment of mere bald, unisonous plain song, and composed three Masses to satisfy the Commissioners as to the sacred capabilities of the art, the result being that the Commissioners saw the folly of excommunicating an art which might prove so fitting a handmaid to the Divine service, and music was saved. Palestrina thus became the founder of a new and admirable school of church music, grave, learned, and pleasing. Many of his compositions had been adapted to English words by Dean Aldrich. To Palestrina was entrusted the laborious task of examining, revising, and correcting the entire system of the church's plain song. His history brought before us three questions of great practical interest—first, the use of music, not Gregorian, in Divine service; secondly, the employment of Gregorian music; and, thirdly, the limits and provinces of these two separate classes of church song. First, was the use of music other than Gregorian permissible and desirable? He (Dr. Dykes) was

here merely considering the abstract question; because there were some who seemed to think that church music should be confined to plain song, and who would have everything Gregorian. But there was no ground for this. All similar former attempts had been failures and had resulted in extravagant re-action. The people would have music, and as it was bestowed on them as the Divine gift, to be reverently used in God's service, they had no business to reject it. To confine their songs of praise to rude melodies, destitute of form or beauty, was most objectionable. Who did not sometimes feel that beautiful words, instead of having their beauty enhanced by their association with suitable music, were cruelly robbed of all their beauty and impressiveness by the uncouth and incongruous musical alliance to which they were condemned. The Council of Trent recognised the use of modern and scientific music in the church, and the same principle was recognised in our rubric,—“here followeth the anthem,”—which was only giving written authority to the injunction of Queen Elizabeth, permitting that “at the beginning or end of common prayer there may be sung a hymn or such like song, to the praise of Almighty God, in the best melody and music that can be devised.” In the time of Benedict XIV., the question of church music again came under the notice of the authorities of Rome. Benedict objected to the exclusive use of Gregorian song, urged by the bishops, nor would he hear of the organ and other instruments being discarded, as was suggested by others. He also advocated the use of organ voluntaries and instrumental symphonies. In the recent Malines Congress the only recorded decision on the subject of plain song was against its exclusive use. Up to Palestrina's time plain song had become thoroughly debased; but it was not Italy but England which took the initiative in correcting the church's plain song. When the ancient offices of the church were revised in England, in the 16th century, the question of the music for the revised, remodelled, and translated offices forced itself on the attention of our liturgical reformers. Archbishop Crammer was the first to try his hand at the work of adaptation, and to him we owed the setting of our beautiful old Litany chant to our incomparable Litany. He expressed a hope in one of his published letters that some person cunning in music should take that matter up, and hoped also that the song set to the revised offices should not be full of notes, but should have, as a general rule, only one note to each syllable. This work was ultimately effected by John Merbecke, organist of Windsor, and under his editorship the Book of Common Prayer set to ritual song came out within the year after the publication of the first book of Edward VI. It was important as furnishing a useful precedent for the adaptation of the old plain song to our offices, and as affording witness to the meaning of the rubrics which speak of the method of performing our service—“then shall be ‘sung,’ ‘said,’ ‘read.’” Merbecke's book confirmed what on other grounds was abundantly clear, namely, that there was no intention on the part of our reformers to interfere with the time-honoured and universal method of reciting the divine office. The idea entertained by some that the word “read” conveyed an order for the ordinary colloquial tone of voice was utterly baseless. It was employed in the old and reformed rubrics as identical with “say” and “sing,” the former generally denoting the simple and the latter the more ornate form of choral recitation. The utmost that could be gathered from the word “read” was that in churches where priest or choir could not from want of skill employ the legitimate modes of saying the divine office, the ordinary tone of voice might be used as a permissible, but exceptional alternative. The only parts of the service on which doubts were entertained were the Scripture sections, and the rubric ordered that the plain song should extend to the lessons as well as to the rest of the service; but this rubric was objected to at the time of the Savoy conference before the last revision

in 1661, and ultimately it was withdrawn—he thought happily, because a long recitation of Scripture in monotone, unless the reader had a very musical voice and good ear, was not pleasing. Having now enforced the two leading principles that there should be real genuine music, and that there should also be plain song or musical recitative, the lecturer came to the question, in which part of our public offices are we confined to plain song, and in which may we employ more modern music. He said he had spoken of plain song as musical recitative, and this it was fundamentally. Monotonic recitative formed its basis; the monotone being relieved by certain periodic inflexions, occurring generally in uniform order and after certain recognised rules. The nature and frequency of these inflexions varied according to the different parts of the service—they were least in the recitation of Scripture; greater in the versicles and psalm chants, and greatest in the prose hymns, such as the “Gloria in excelsis,” and “Ter sanctus,” with which he might also class the Nicene creed and offertory sentences, during large portions of which all idea of a dominant or reciting note practically disappeared; the inflexions occurred in no fixed order, and a long melody or tune was the result. Now, as in the case of prayers, versicles, litany, etc., there had been no attempt worth notice to disturb the established system of plain song, he might pass them by, only saying it was very important that the people should become familiar with these simple inflexions, and be gradually accustomed to sing them in unison, as this would tend to render the service less wearisome, and would give them a greater interest in it. On this ground he thought it unfortunate that at all our choral gatherings, and on all Sundays and festivals, even in many country churches, Tallis’s elaborate harmonies were sung. Here the plain song was throughout the greater part assigned to the tenor voice, and being thus veiled by the super-added harmonies was neither recognised, learned, nor sung by the people! If the tenor was sung out by a great body of voices in unison, and the accompaniment kept subordinate, all would be well and good; but instead of this the whole congregation sang Tallis’s treble part, which was simply an accompaniment, and the effect was most objectionable. The lecturer quoted instances of this, among them the response in the Litany, “We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord,” and suggested two alterations—first, that the harmony should be so changed as to allow the restoration to its proper place in the tenor of the old plain song; and, secondly, that the words should be arranged to suit the English, and not the Latin accent, removing the absurd emphasis from the initial “we” and lengthening the penultimate “good.” With regard to the Credo, Gloria, and offertory sentences, he thought we were not equally bound to adopt the musical adaptations of Merbecke. Because Merbecke’s Credo and “Gloria in excelsis” came to us in the old square notes and a four-line staff, it did not follow that there was a religious necessity for employing them on all occasions. Merbecke, as an adapter, possessed no higher authority than Tallis, nor he than some more modern writers. Merbecke’s most happy composition, or compilation, was his notation of the Nicene creed, which was deservedly popular. With reference to the psalm chants, Dr. Dykes asked whether we were bound to adhere to the old plain song forms of psalm recitation, or might we adopt more modern chants? And here, he said, he must speak carefully, for he was touching on a fiercely-controverted point. Some in whom, perhaps, the musical element predominated over the ritualistic, spoke of Gregorian chants as barbaric and detestable; others in whom the ritualistic predominated over the musical spoke of all chants but Gregorian with even greater contempt and reprobation, broadly stating that the use of modern or Anglican chants was an index of some latent heretical proclivity. He would ask, first, what was a

chant? It was the form of musical recitation employed for the psalms. Originally it seemed to have been all monotone except the last syllable of each verse, where the voice fell to a minor third, or perfect fifth. By and by, continued the lecturer, this simple ending assumed the form of a more decided musical cadence. Then there came a corresponding cadence, called a mediation, in the middle of each verse; and lastly, the intonation at the beginning. Thus there was one uniform reciting note (called the dominant), relieved by inflexions at the close, at the middle, and (in certain cases) at the beginning of each verse. In modern, or Anglican, chants the introductory intonation has been dispensed with; the chants all reduced to one uniform rhythm; the mediation and cadence released from the special melodic laws which had bound them; and the rule as to the one recitation note throughout both divisions of the chant abolished. So that in a modern double chant, instead of one you have commonly four notes of recitation, and the chant seems almost about to lose its character as a chant or recitation, and to become a pretty rhythmical tune. Without absolutely deprecating the occasional employment of double chants, I am glad to find that their use is becoming less frequent. Besides their general unchant-like character, they are unsuited for an intelligent musical recitation of the Psalter. They have been at times employed, not unsuccessfully, for long metrical hymns; but, interfering as they do with the parallelism of the Hebrew poetry of the Psalter—making the verses to run (as the verses rarely ever do) in stiff uniform couplets, they should be very sparingly used, if at all, for the Psalms. But passing from them, where are we to find our best models for Psalm chants? Unquestionably in the simple ferial forms of those old Gregorian melodies which have been associated with the Psalter for so many centuries, and have been sung through the length and breadth of the Catholic Church. I say the simple ferial forms; for florid and worthless as are many of our modern double Anglican chants, the very worst of them are not so extravagantly flimsy, grotesque, and worthless as are certain of the ornate festal forms of the Gregorian chants. The melody, instead of being broad and dignified, is utterly emasculate and feeble. All the oddest vocal flourishes and ornaments in use amongst old-fashioned dissenters in their metrical Psalm singing we find here freely introduced. When I speak, then, of the Gregorian tones furnishing us with our best models for Psalm chants, I refer to them only in their simple ferial forms.

(To be Continued).

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF GERMANY

By R. B. DANIEL.

(Continued from page 592.)

Some of the German customs appear very strange to us. In England men wait to be noticed before they salute their lady acquaintance or their superiors. But in Germany when I meet a lady or a person of high rank, I must raise my hat, or I should be passed unacknowledged. The raising of hats is a politeness that is much practised. It is customary to do it on entering shops and on saluting men we know. When I wish to light my cigar in the street—for street-smoking is not forbidden in this happy land—I do not use a lucifer, for I know I shall soon meet a smoker, who, if I ask him (“geben Sie mir Feuer, ich bitte”), will kindly permit me to light my cigar from his. At bed-time, and even earlier in the evening, people exchange the very pleasant wish, “Schlafen Sie wohl” (“Sleep well”) when they part for the night. When they speak to children, or relations, or very intimate friends, the Germans use the pronoun of the second person singular. Persons who drink beer and smoke tobacco, would find many kindred souls in Germany, and *bier-garten*, or beer-gardens, would furnish every accommodation. The beer is drunk out of glass mugs with metal lids, and although an immense quantity is consumed, an intoxicated person is very rarely seen. Before drinking

it is usual to clink glasses with one's acquaintance, and say "Prosit,"—may it do you good. In the afternoon, gentlemen connected with the opera may be seen at Marquardt's *café*, socially smoking and drinking coffee as they while away the time in pleasant conversation. Conversing one day with the first bassoon player, I learned that that excellent artist had played his instrument for forty years at the Stuttgart Opera, and had spent four years, previous to this, at the *conservatoire* of Prague. The houses are many stories high, and each floor is a complete habitation in itself. The persons who rent the floors are often glad to let some of the rooms, the price of a good room, furnished and kept in order for one, being about 12 gulden (£1) a month—or perhaps a little more. I once found myself "located" in a house which, though very respectable, was a very noisy one. In the next room was a lady who practised the piano, beneath was a teacher of the violoncello, and somewhere near at hand were a violin, a harmonium, and a brass instrument. Besides the conflict of sounds produced by so many instruments, which was sufficiently trying to the temper, I had another source of torment in the dreadfully noisy movements of the people of the floor. The doors were all provided with heavy weights and pulleys to close them, and thick projecting plates of sounding brass struck on the fixed brass fasteners on the door-posts with a terrible crash when the doors, with ever-increasing *momentum*, arrived at the end of their short, but rapid journey. As the clergyman in the next room, who was engaged in literary work, was frequently running about for books, and the servant was always very busy, and both, as well as the rest of the family, never closed a door by hand, but always trusted to the barbarous apparatus I have mentioned, the noise was almost continual, and reminded me of the incessant discharge of firearms. This terrible fusillade was steadily kept up during the greater part of the day and rarely ceased much before midnight, and every morning it began again at six. During the temporary lull, when sleep would have been most welcome, my very bed was a source of annoyance. The only covering I had was a bag of feathers some four feet square; and during a whole month getting into bed meant no more with me than lying on a bed and then placing a bag of feathers on me, which, too short to cover both the chest and the feet at once, lay there, an awful incubus, till I hurled the senseless thing to the furthest end of the room. One night I was awakened by a tremendous blowing of horns, and, hastily dressing myself, I found there was a fire in another part of the town. Following a number of firemen, who walked, I thought, very leisurely to the scene of operations, I found troops drawn up to keep the people back, and no one in the street in which the fire was, except the firemen. As the greatest order was maintained, the men were able to use their engines with great effect, and their work was soon done. Bells are included by Berlioz in his list of instruments, and have appeared in musical scores. A considerable part of my first night at a German hotel I spent in listening to frequent and very brilliant fantasias on one of these instruments. The operator proved to be the hotel porter, a man who rejoiced in a gold band and a set of immense whiskers. Being a big, muscular fellow and in constant practice, his performances on his great bell were very effective indeed. If the ancient customs prevail at that hotel I shall be careful, when next I visit it, to secure a bed not too near the porter's lodge. However, the "Lay of the Bell" is not the only music one hears at German hotels. In the eating-room of an hotel at Mayence a string quartet of professional musicians discoursed excellent music during the evening. A trifling donation procured me a hearing of Mozart's familiar quartet in D minor.

Besides having some acquaintance with continental customs, people should get a sufficient knowledge of the language before they visit a foreign country. I once met at a Rhine hotel an Englishman who did not even know the German for "hot water." Hearing a deep voice speaking English with every kind of accent, from persuasive to angry, my curiosity was aroused, and I opened my door to see what could possibly be the matter. A gentleman, wishing to shave, was trying to get a little servant to bring him some hot water. He laboured hard, very hard, to make himself understood, but with an air of hopelessness that was very droll. When he saw me, he called out, "Sir, the people here must be *savages*, for they don't know what hot water is." My own worst mistake was insulting an old lady by mispronouncing her name.

It is not generally known, I think, that Pierson was a great player on the organ; but such was the case. I once heard him improvise on the organ in the English church at Stuttgart, and was

quite astonished with his pedalling of rapid passages, extending the whole compass of the pedal-board. This fine performance seems the more extraordinary, inasmuch as he did not—so far as I know—play much on the organ. As I have mentioned the eminent musician, I may add that I accompanied him on his journey to Hamburg, where his last great work was produced. Happening one day to mention to a gentleman who was connected with the opera that Pierson was in Hamburg, I was amused to see how excited the news made him. No sooner did he understand my communication than he began skipping about with pleasure. I mention this little incident because it shows the regard in which Pierson was held in Germany. On this journey we passed through and stayed at Cassel (with its memories of Louis Spohr) and Hanover (famous for its great opera-house). Hamburg, the first port of Germany, is a famous musical place. It possesses noble organs of magnificent appearance and historic interest. I was permitted to play on Hildebrand's famous organ in St. Michael's Church, and the organist kindly showed me some of its beauties. At this church the interludes were played between the strains of the chorales. This interesting town often figures in musical history, especially in connection with Passion music and opera. Here worked Keiser, Telemann, Mattheson, and later, Emanuel Bach; and here Handel lived some time when he was a young man, and produced his first opera. His *Passion* also was first performed here. Dresden and Leipzig are, of course, very famous musical places; but I had not the good fortune to see either of them. Famous in legend is Lurlei, a charming feature in the Rhine scenery. I had hoped to test for myself the powers of the famous echo. But it was not my fortune to visit the spot under favourable circumstances, for the weather was not calm, and the boatman, between his fear of my pistol, which I fired from time to time, and his very natural desire to keep the boat from being whirled on to the rocks, was too occupied to be of much use. With Bonn, a nice town much lower down the Rhine, we associate those two much-afflicted musicians, Beethoven and Schumann. The house in which the mighty Beethoven first saw the light is pointed out to travellers. His fine monument is near the Cathedral.

RECITAL NEWS.

BRISBANE.—The local press speak highly of the Organ Recitals given by Mrs. Willmore. Of a recent performance, one journal observes: Mrs. Willmore's remarkable ability is thoroughly appreciated in Brisbane, and besides, it is well known that during her recent visit to England, she played privately upon some of the largest organs which the cathedrals of the old country can boast, and won the highest praise for her performances from competent critics. Mrs. Willmore's playing, upon the present occasion, in every respect sustained her reputation as a musician. It was evident from a glance at the programme, that she had determined to face boldly the popular prejudice against lady organists, and to demonstrate that so far as the powers of the organ would permit, she was capable of successfully interpreting the music of the masters. There are very few gentlemen organists in Australia, continues the writer, who would undertake to go through the same programme, and do credit to themselves. Mrs. Willmore's solos were (1) Fugue in G minor, Bach; (2) Serenade Hongroise, V. Jancieres; (3) Concert Fantasia in D, Sir R. P. Stewart; (4) Concerto, "Cuckoo and Nightingale," Handel; (5) Andante Con Moto in E, Guilmant; and (6) Soprano Melody, Smart. Mrs. Willmore is the wife of an esteemed member of the College of Organists, himself an accomplished player, and cousin of Mr. J. K. Pyne, of Manchester.

GLASGOW.—It is stated that in order to afford the numerous visitors an opportunity of hearing the fine organ in the Cathedral, it has been arranged with Dr. Peace to give a short series of recitals, commencing last Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock. Dr. Peace, who has done so much to advance organ music in the north, by his masterly performances, has given recitals annually in Glasgow for twenty-one years past, during which period he has given over two hundred performances. Recital by Dr. A. L. Peace, in the Cathedral, on August 14th: Handel's Organ Concerto in A major; Beethoven's *Larghetto* (Symphony in D); Bach's *Prelude and Fugue* in C minor; Lemmens' *Invocation* in F minor, and *Marche Pontificale*; Neukom's *Dramatic Fantasia* ("A Concert on a Lake, interrupted by a Thunderstorm"); Meyerbeer's *Marche aux Flambeaux* (No. 4).

ISLE OF WIGHT.—A large congregation assembled at Holy Trinity Church, West Cowes, on the 13th instant, to hear that distinguished executant, Mr. W. S. Hoyte, who gave a recital on the new organ. The programme consisted of a selection from the works of Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, W. S. Hoyte, Dubois, Maily, &c.

NORTH BERWICK.—A Concert of vocal and instrumental music, in aid of the organ fund of the Church of the Martyrs, was given in the Foresters' Hall on August 6th. The vocalists were members of Mr. Kirkhope's famous Edinburgh choir.

SANDRINGHAM.—On August 15th, at the Church of St. Mary Magdelene, Mr. T. A. Aldridge gave a recital: Grand Solemn March, Smart; Adagio in E, Merkel; Fantasia in A flat, Brosig; Cantilène Pastorale, Guilmant; Grand Chorus in D (alla Handel) Guilmant. Mr. A. H. Cross performed: Overture in D, Smart; Minuet in F, Chipp; Fugue in D minor, W. F. Bach; Berceuse and Romance, Gounod; Marche Triomphale, Guilmant.

ALL HALLOWS CHURCH, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.—Programme of Organ Recitals given by Mr. F. E. Hillman, on 1st and 3rd August: March in G, Horspool; Pastorale, Barham; Introduction and Prière, Adam; Andante in F, Dussek; "Splendente Te Deus," Mozart; March in G, Marchant; Barcarole in A flat, Palmieri; Slow Movement (from Pastorale Sonata), Rheinberger; Melody in A flat, Guilmant; Finale (3rd Concerto for strings), Handel.

PARISH CHURCH OF FOLKESTONE.—An Organ Recital was given by Alfred Oake, L.R.A.M., A.C.O., on August 8th: Chorus, "Sing unto God" (Judas Maccabæus), Handel; Andante from 3rd Symphony, Haydn; Fugue in B minor, Bach; Larghetto in B flat, Spchr; Aria, "O God have mercy" (St. Paul), Mendelssohn, by Mr. Robert Sanders; Duetto (Lieder ohne Worte), Mendelssohn; Postlude in E flat, L. Wely; Andante con Varie in F, Batiste; Grand March, "Heroique in C," Schubert.

READING.—The fine new three-manual organ, erected by A. Monk, Holloway Road, London, in Grey Friars' Church, was opened on Thursday, July 26th, by Mr. F. J. Read, Mus. Bac., F.C.O. (Organist of Chichester Cathedral), who gave two Recitals. The following were the programmes: Afternoon—Overture to "Athaliah," (Allegro—Grave—Allegro), Handel; Andante from Quartett in D, Mozart; Prelude and Fugue, B minor, Bach; Andante, 5th Organ Sonata, Merkel; Organ Sonata, No. 1, Mendelssohn; Voluntary, Costa. Evening—Organ Concerto, No. 2, Handel; Weihnachts-pastorale, Merkel; Prelude and Fugue, D minor, Mendelssohn; Adagio from the Sestett, Beethoven; Andante from Symphony in E flat, Haydn; Voluntary, Handel. The church was crowded, and the offertory amounted to £50.

SPECIFICATIONS.

BATTERSEA.

Specification of the organ erected in All Saints' Church, by Messrs. Bevington and Sons, Soho, and first publicly heard on July 28th.

GREAT ORGAN.—Open Diapason, Dulciana, Claribel, Stopped Bass, Harmonic Flute,* Principal, Full Mixture various,* Super-Octave,* Trumpet.*

SWELL ORGAN.—Double Diapason,* Lieblich Gedact,* Open Diapason, Bell Gamba, Principal, Mixture 12th-15th, Cornopean, Oboe.*

PEDAL ORGAN.—Open Diapason,* Bourdon.

COUPLERS.—Swell to Great, Swell to Pedals, Swell to Octave,* Great to Pedals.

Four Composition Pedals.

SUMMARY.

GREAT ORGAN: 8 stops.—**SWELL:** 8 stops.—**PEDAL:** 2 stops.—**COUPLERS:** 4 stops.—**TOTAL:** 22 stops.

*The pipes of stops marked thus are not yet inserted.

READING.

Description of the organ erected in Grayfriars' Church, by Alfred Monk, 550, Holloway Road, London, and opened on July 26th.

GREAT ORGAN.—Open Diapason (8 ft.—54 pipes); Salcional (8 ft.—42 pipes); Claribel (8 ft.—54 pipes); Harmonic Flute (4 ft.—54 pipes); Principal (4 ft.—54 pipes); Piccolo (2 ft.—54 pipes); Lieblich Flute (4 ft.—42 pipes); Trumpet (8 ft.—54 pipes).

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SWELL ORGAN.—Double Diapason (16 ft.—54 pipes); Violin Diapason (8 ft.—54 pipes); Stopped Diapason (8 ft.—54 pipes); Dulciana (8 ft.—42 pipes); Voix Celeste (8 ft.—42 pipes); Flute (4 ft.—42 pipes); Principal (4 ft.—54 pipes); Twelfth (3 ft.—54 pipes); Fifteenth (2 ft.—54 pipes); Mixture (162 pipes); Cornopean (8 ft.—54 pipes); Oboe (8 ft.—54 pipes).

CHOIR ORGAN.—Stopped Diapason (8 ft.—56 pipes); Dulciana, grooved into 23 (8 ft.—44 pipes); Gamba (8 ft.—56 pipes); Wald Flute (4 ft.—56 pipes); Clarinet (8 ft.—56 pipes).

PEDAL ORGAN.—Open Diapason (16 ft.—30 pipes); Bourdon (16 ft.—30 pipes); Violoncello (8 ft.—30 pipes).

COUPLERS.—Swell to Great, Swell to Choir, Great to Pedals, Swell to Pedals, Choir to Pedals, Tremulant, Three Combinations to Great, Three Combinations to Swell.

No. of Pipes, 2386.

ALLOA, SCOTLAND.

Concert hall organs continue to multiply. The following is a description of the organ now being constructed by Messrs. Forster and Andrews, of Hull, for the new Town Hall:—

GREAT ORGAN (CC to A).—Double Open Diapason, Open Diapason major, Open Diapason minor, Claribel Flute, Flute Harmonique, Octave, Super Octave, Double Trumpet, Trumpet, Clarion (58 pipes each); Mixture 3 ranks (174 pipes).

SWELL ORGAN (CC to A).—Lieblich Bourdon, Lieblicheflote, (8 ft.), Lieblicheflote (4 ft.), Geigen Principal (8 ft.), Geigen Principal (4 tone), Salicional, Flageolet, Horn, Oboe (58 pipes each); Voix Celestes (46 pipes); Mixture 3 ranks (174 pipes); Tremulant.

CHOIR ORGAN (CC to A).—Gamba, Vox Angelica, Lieblich Gedact, Flauto Traverso, Gemshorn, Piccolo Harmonique (in a Swell Box), Concert Flute, Vox Humana, Orchestral Oboe, Clarinet (58 pipes each); Tremulant.

PEDAL ORGAN (CCC to F).—Open Diapason, Octave, Bourdon, Ophicleide (30 pipes each).

COUPLERS.—Swell to Great, Swell Sub-Octave, Swell Super-Octave, Swell to Pedals, Great to Pedals, Choir to Pedals.

Two Pneumatic Pistons to Great and Two to Swell; Pneumatic Piston for Swell to Great; ditto Tremulant to Swell; ditto Great to Pedals; three Composition Pedals to Great; three to Swell, and one to the Pedal Organ. Double-action Pedal for Great to Pedals. The whole of the Pedal Organ to have tubular pneumatic action.

SUMMARY.

GREAT ORGAN: 11 stops, 754 pipes.—**SWELL:** 12 stops, 742 pipes.—**CHOIR:** 11 stops, 580 pipes.—**PEDAL:** 4 stops, 120 pipes.—**COUPLERS:** 6 stops.—**TOTAL:** 44 stops and 2,196 pipes.

Rotary blowing action, in addition to an Otto gas-engine, with separate reservoir and feeders.

All metal above 4 ft. spotted metal.

Notes.

Mr. James K. Strachan has resigned his appointment as organist of Kelvingrove U.P. Church, Glasgow; and is studying under Mons. A. Guilmant, of Paris.

The Rev. S. W. W. Wilkin, Junior-Chaplain to the Forces at Portsmouth, has been presented by the organist and choir of the garrison with a handsome silver salver on the occasion of his marriage.

The Spanish Government has ordered a report on the condition of the cathedrals of Burgos, Barcelona, Leon, and Santiago, which are in an unsatisfactory state, until Parliament can vote in the Autumn Session the supplies necessary for the repairs of the cathedrals. Subscriptions are fast coming in for Seville Cathedral, which will require £30,000 and several years to rebuild the part of the nave which recently fell in. Nothing is said as to the condition of the large old sixteenth-century organ at Seville. There is only too much reason to suppose the organs at the other cathedrals are in a very neglected state.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS' CALENDAR.

The Library will remain closed until further notice.

E. H. TURPIN, Hon. Secretary.

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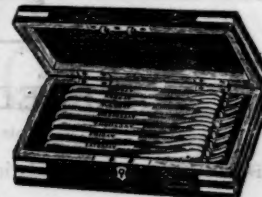


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